

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

DAREDEVIL



PANOSIAN

#14

MARVEL

WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

WITH HELP ON THE WAY, DAREDEVIL'S PROTÉGÉ BLINDSPOT CHASED THE MURDEROUS INSTALLATION ARTIST MUSE INTO THE SEWERS TO RESCUE A GROUP OF HOSTAGES. ALTHOUGH BLINDSPOT MANAGED TO FREE MUSE'S CAPTIVES, HE WASN'T ABLE TO MAKE IT OUT HIMSELF...

DARK ART PART V

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MANHATTAN.



THIS COULD
MEAN ANYTHING,
DAREDEVIL.

FROM
WHAT YOU'VE
TOLD ME, BLINDSPOT
IS A TOUGH,
COMPETENT
KID.

JUST
BECAUSE
HE'S LOST HIS
PHONE DOESN'T
MEAN HE'S IN
TROUBLE.

NO.
MUSE HAS
HIM.

OKAY. I'LL
PUT MY PEOPLE ON THIS
RIGHT AWAY. NEW ATILAN
HAS FORENSIC TECH LIKE
YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE.

WE HAVE
A KNOWN INITIAL
LOCATION FOR BLINDSPOT,
SO WE CAN EXTRAPOLATE
FROM THERE, USE THE
CITY'S NETWORK OF
SECURITY CAMERAS
TO--

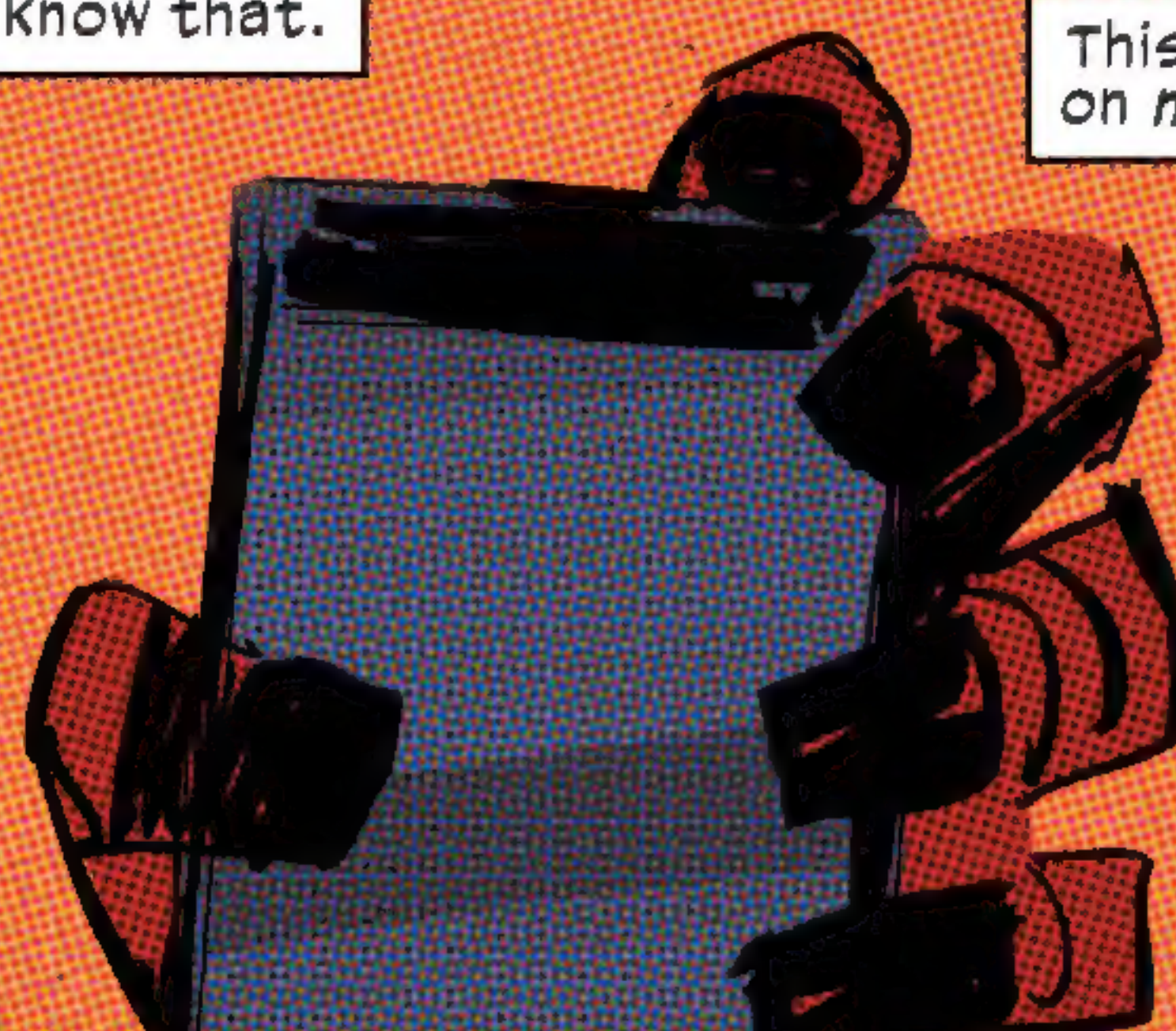
I've stopped
listening to him.

Frank McGee is a good
man. He's a *cop* with
the resources of an
entire *nation* behind
him. He wants Muse as
much as I do, for his
own reasons.

He's trying
to help. I
know that.

But right now, he's
a *distraction*.

This is
on me.





Blindspot was here.



Gone.

Gone.

Gone.

What am I looking for? A scent, a specific *sound*, a heartbeat?

Some way to separate Muse from every other person in this city.



That's it. Look,
Matt. Look.



See.

But there's nothing to
see. Nothing to hear,
or smell, or feel.

When you saw him on that
rooftop...he was a *vortex*,
pulling in every bit of sensory
information around him.

He took it all *in*,
and gave nothing
out.

He's...a void.

He's...
nothing.

See the void,
Matt. You can
do this.

You're *blind*.
If there's one thing
you're good at...

...it's seeing
nothing.



NNNNNGH!



See the void.



There.

AND
HERE WE
ARE!



WELCOME
TO MY GARRET,
BLINDSPOT.

EVERY
STARVING ARTIST
SHOULD HAVE
ONE.



NOW,
TECHNICALLY YOU
SHOULDN'T SEE ANY
OF THIS. IT'S A REAL
LOOK BEHIND THE
CURTAIN.

THERE'S
THIS MYSTIQUE
ABOUT ART. A
SHARED FICTION,
IF YOU
WILL.



AN ARTIST
PRESENTS A PIECE
TO THE WORLD IN ITS
FINISHED FORM, AND PRETENDS
THAT IT SIMPLY APPEARED
THAT WAY, EFFORTLESSLY
BIRTHED FROM HIS
GENIUS.

BOTH ARTIST
AND AUDIENCE PREFER
TO BELIEVE THAT'S THE
TRUTH. IT'S NICE TO THINK
THAT THE REALLY GOOD
CREATORS HAVE SOME
DIRECT CONNECTION
TO THE DIVINE.

BUT
IT'S A
LIE.

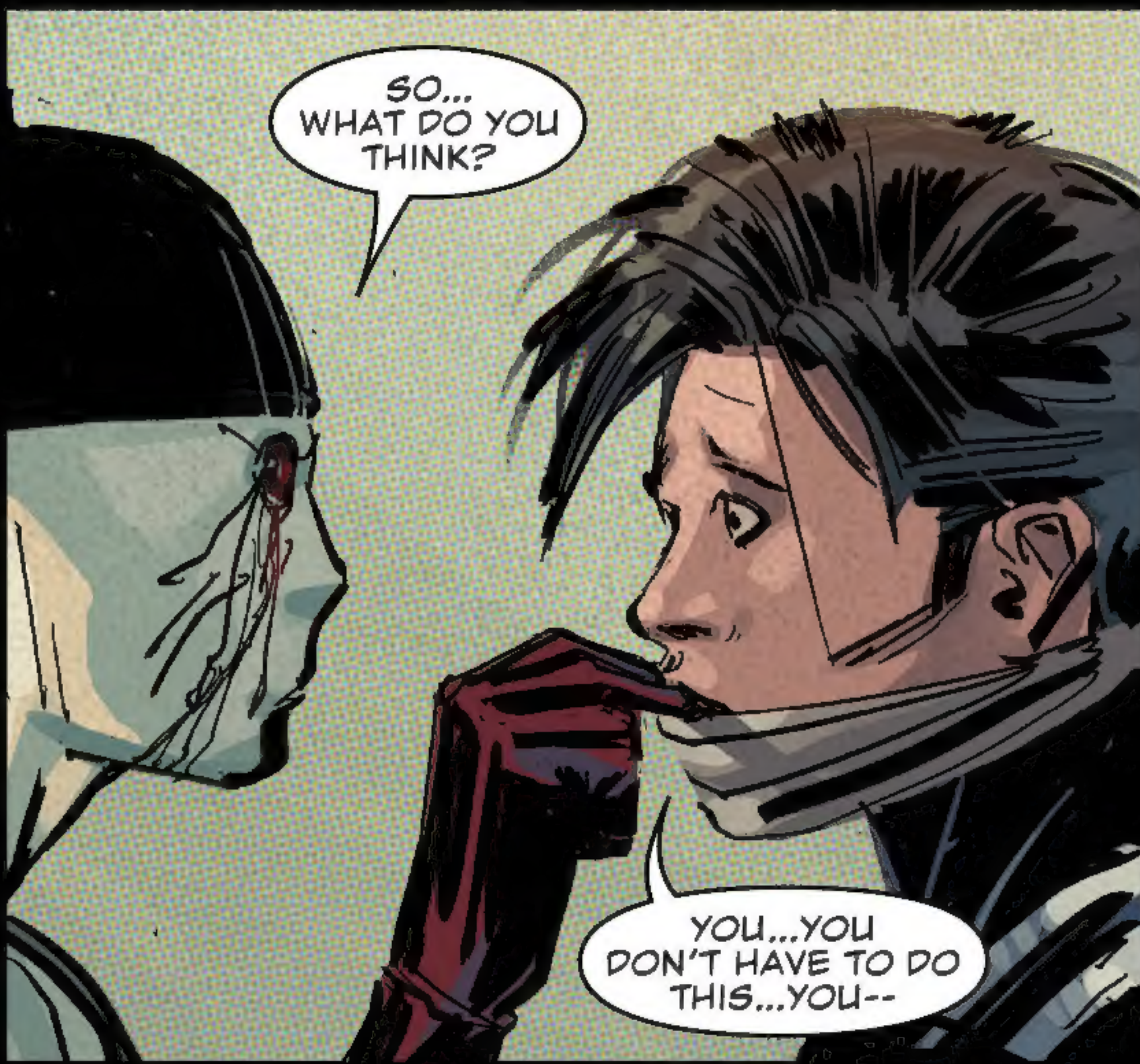


IN REALITY, IT'S
HOURS AND HOURS OF
MISSTEPS, FRUSTRATION,
AND BAD IDEAS THAT GET
SLICED AWAY TO REVEAL
SOME KIND OF
TRUTH.

IT'S
NEVER EASY.
IN FACT...



...IT'S
AGONY.



SO...
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

YOU...YOU
DON'T HAVE TO DO
THIS...YOU--



WOW, MAN--DON'T YOU
THINK I TOLD MYSELF
THAT?

AFTER THAT
FIRST ONE...IT WAS A
WOMAN, JUST SOMEONE
I PICKED UP. I MADE HER
INTO SOMETHING...
ABSTRACT.



TOLD MYSELF
I *SHOULDN'T*.
THAT IT WAS *WRONG*.
BUT IT DIDN'T FEEL
WRONG.

THE TRUTH
IS, KID, WHEN I'M
CREATING, WHEN
I'M *MAKING*, I'M
STRONG. I AM
RIGHT.



BUT PEOPLE
DON'T REALLY
UNDERSTAND WHAT I
DO. THEY OBJECT TO MY
PREFERRED MEDIUM,
IF YOU GET MY
MEANING.

I ONLY HAVE
SO MUCH TIME TO
WORK BEFORE SOMEONE
MANAGES TO STOP ME.
I NEED TO USE EVERY
MOMENT. SO YES,
BLINDSPOT, I HAVE
TO DO THIS.



IF I
DON'T...WHO
WILL?



WHAT'S
CAUGHT YOUR
EYE DOWN
THERE?

SEE
SOMETHING
YOU LIKE?



AH, YES.
TENFINGERS.

I LIKED
HIM. THOUGHT
HE HAD POTENTIAL.
AND SO HE DID,
AS YOU CAN
SEE.



HE BECAME
ART, JUST LIKE
THE PEOPLE WHO
CONTRIBUTED THEIR
BLOOD TO MY
"SANGUINITY"
PIECE.

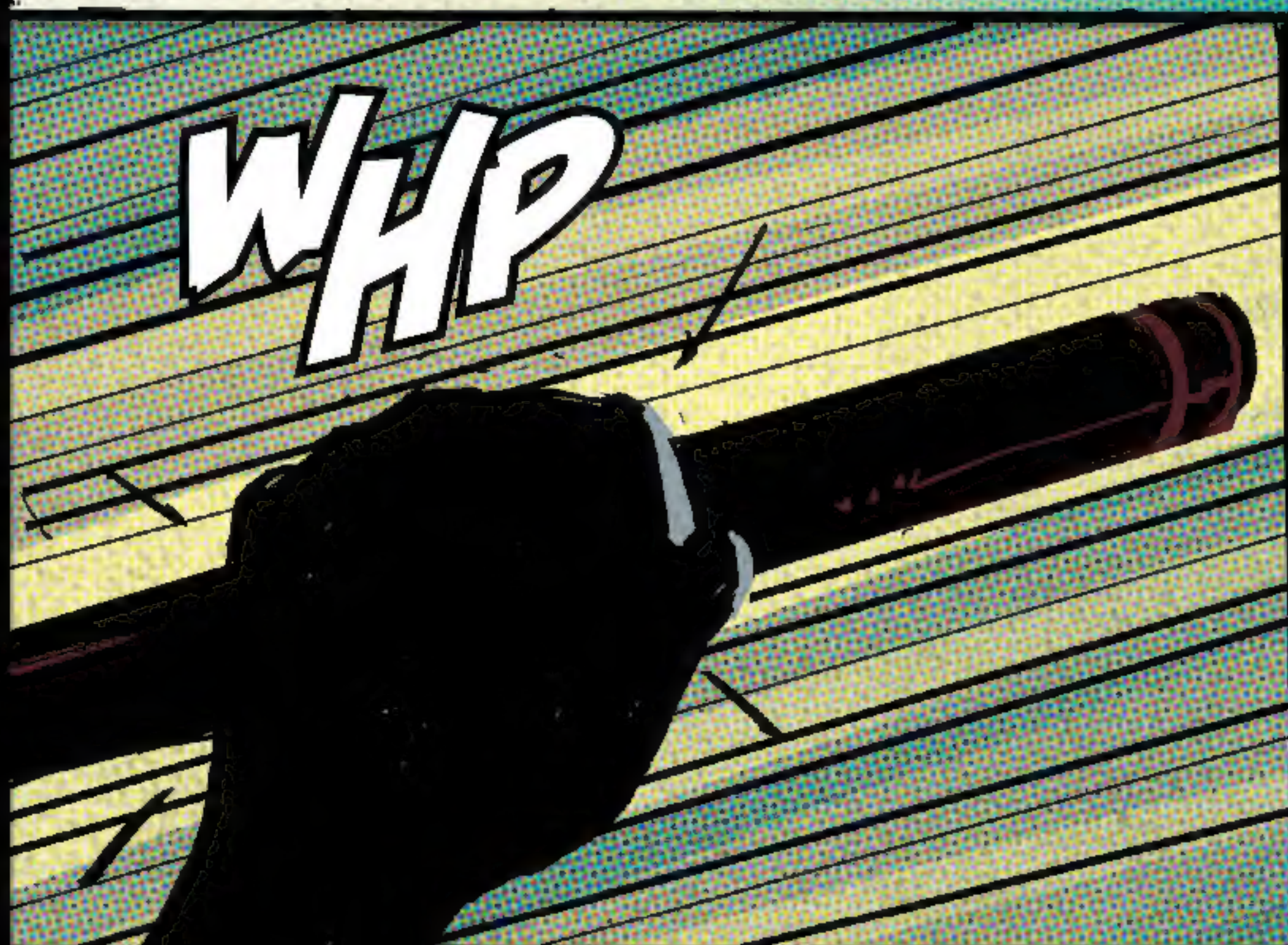
THAT REMINDS
ME, ACTUALLY--I SHOULD
MAKE SOMETHING ELSE WITH
THEM. NOT MUCH TIME, EITHER.
BLOOD SPOILS SO QUICKLY
AFTER DEATH. GETS ALL
THICK AND CLOTTY.
USELESS.



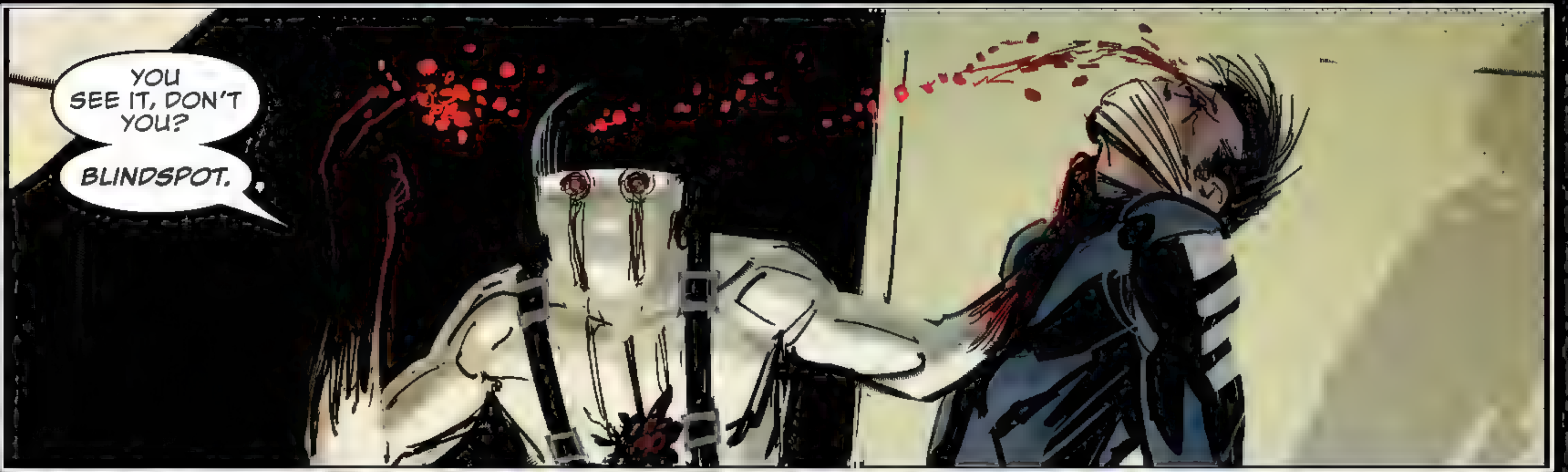
BUT THE
BIGGER QUESTION,
MY FRIEND...

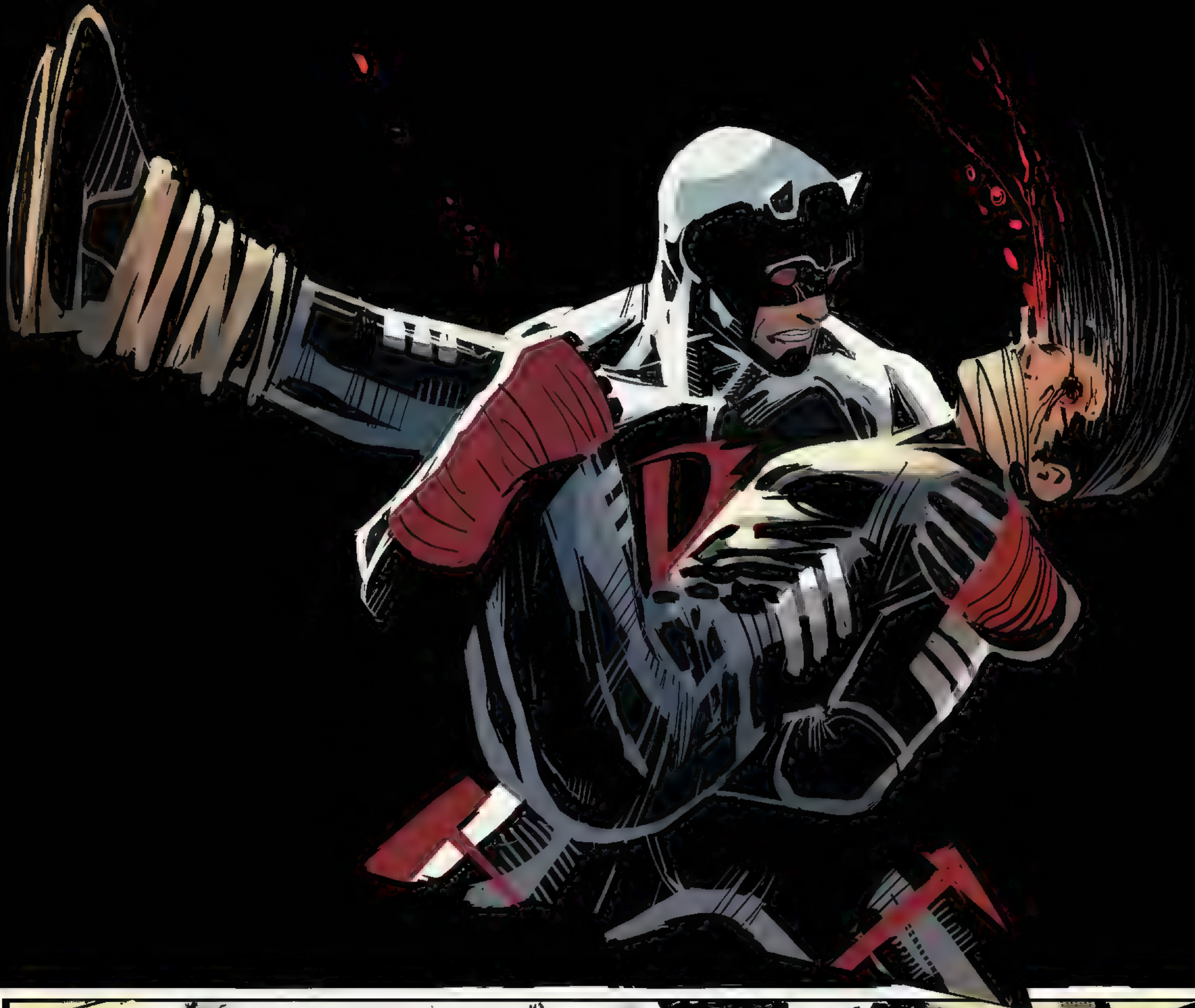


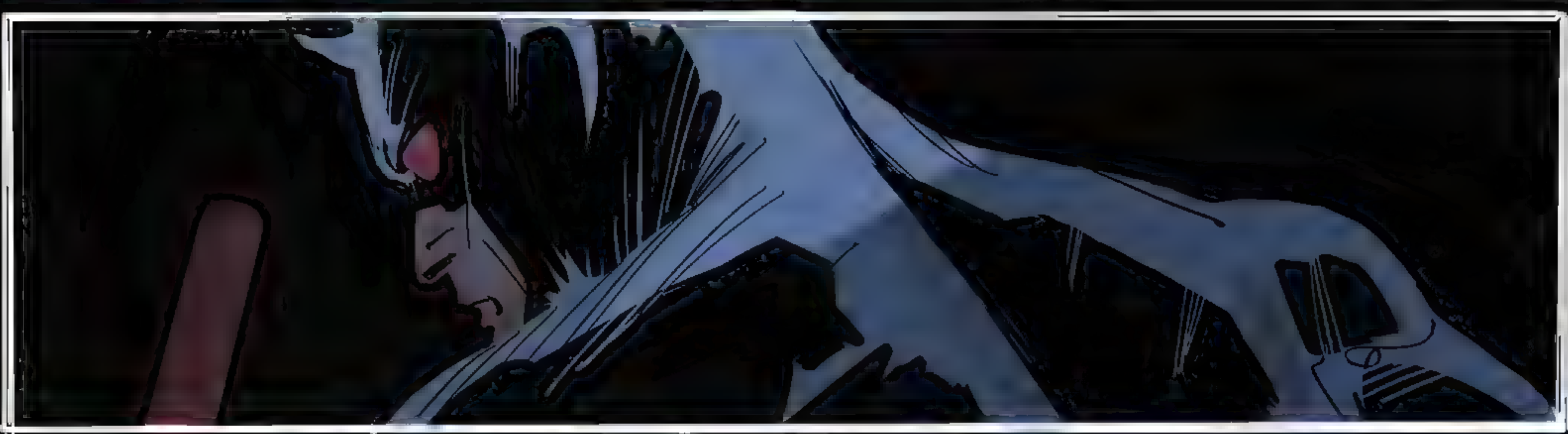
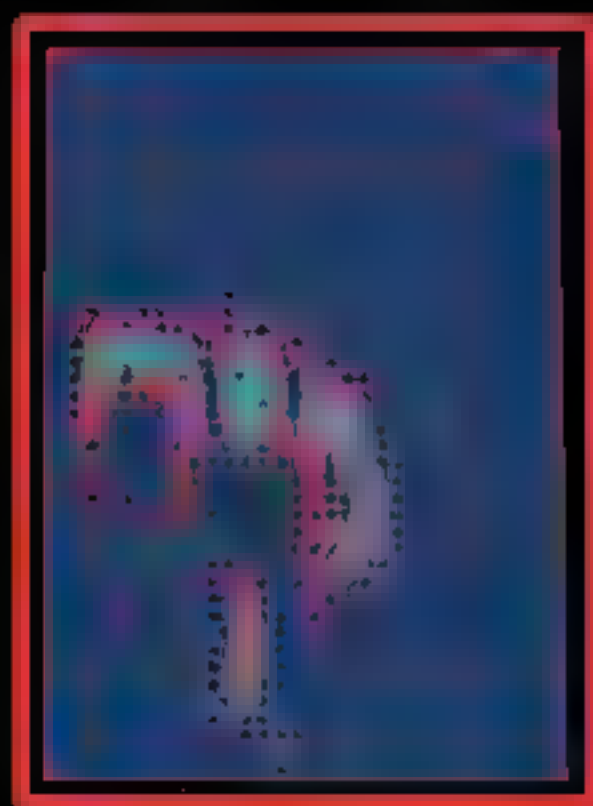
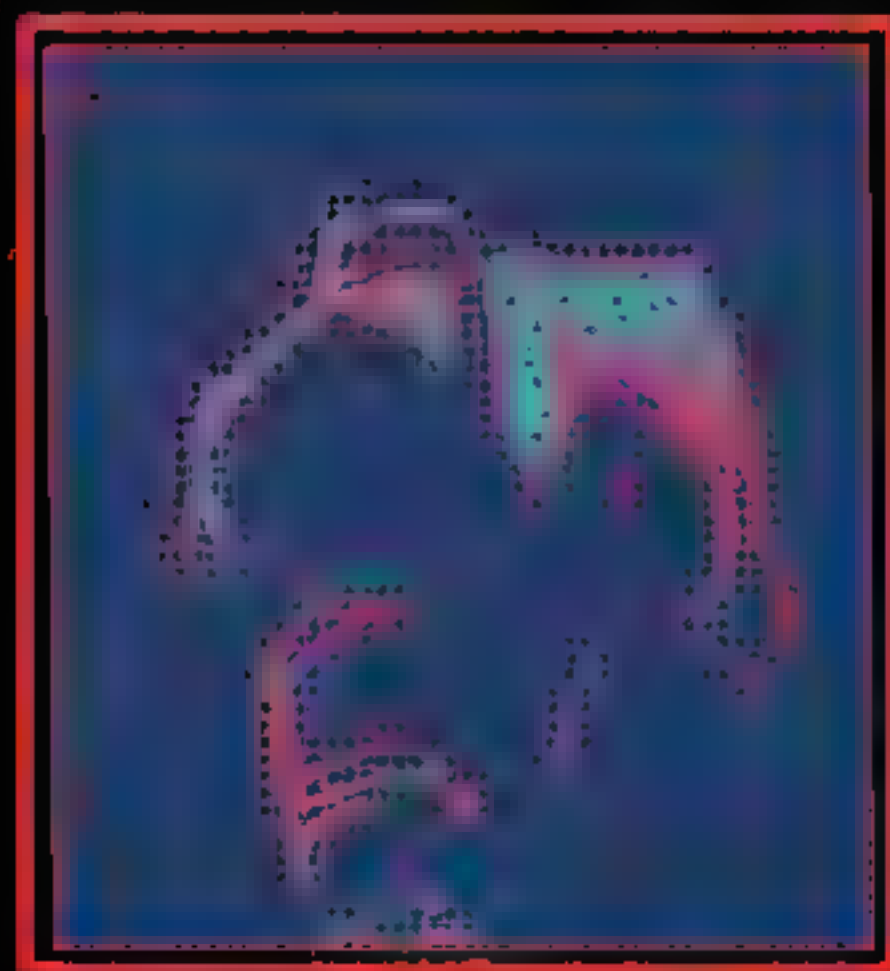
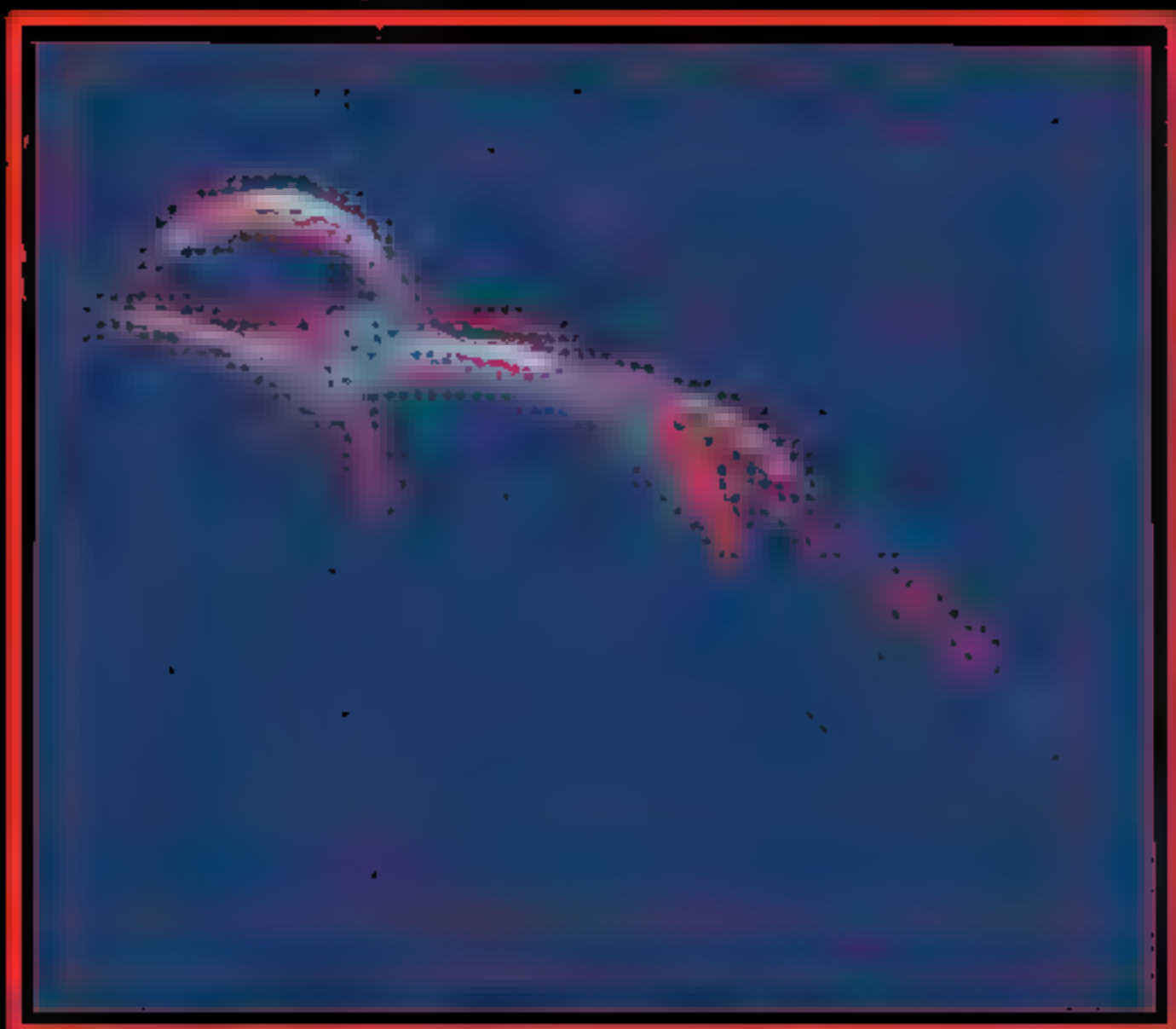
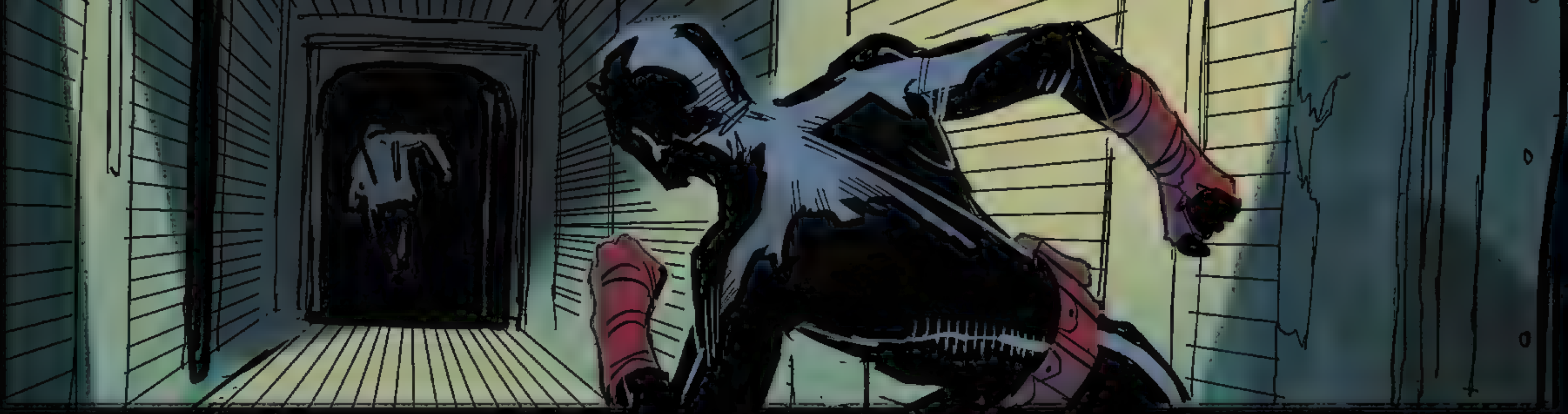
...IS WHAT
I'M GOING TO
MAKE OUT OF
YOU.















OH
GOD.





HMM.

HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM, YOU PIECE OF TRASH.

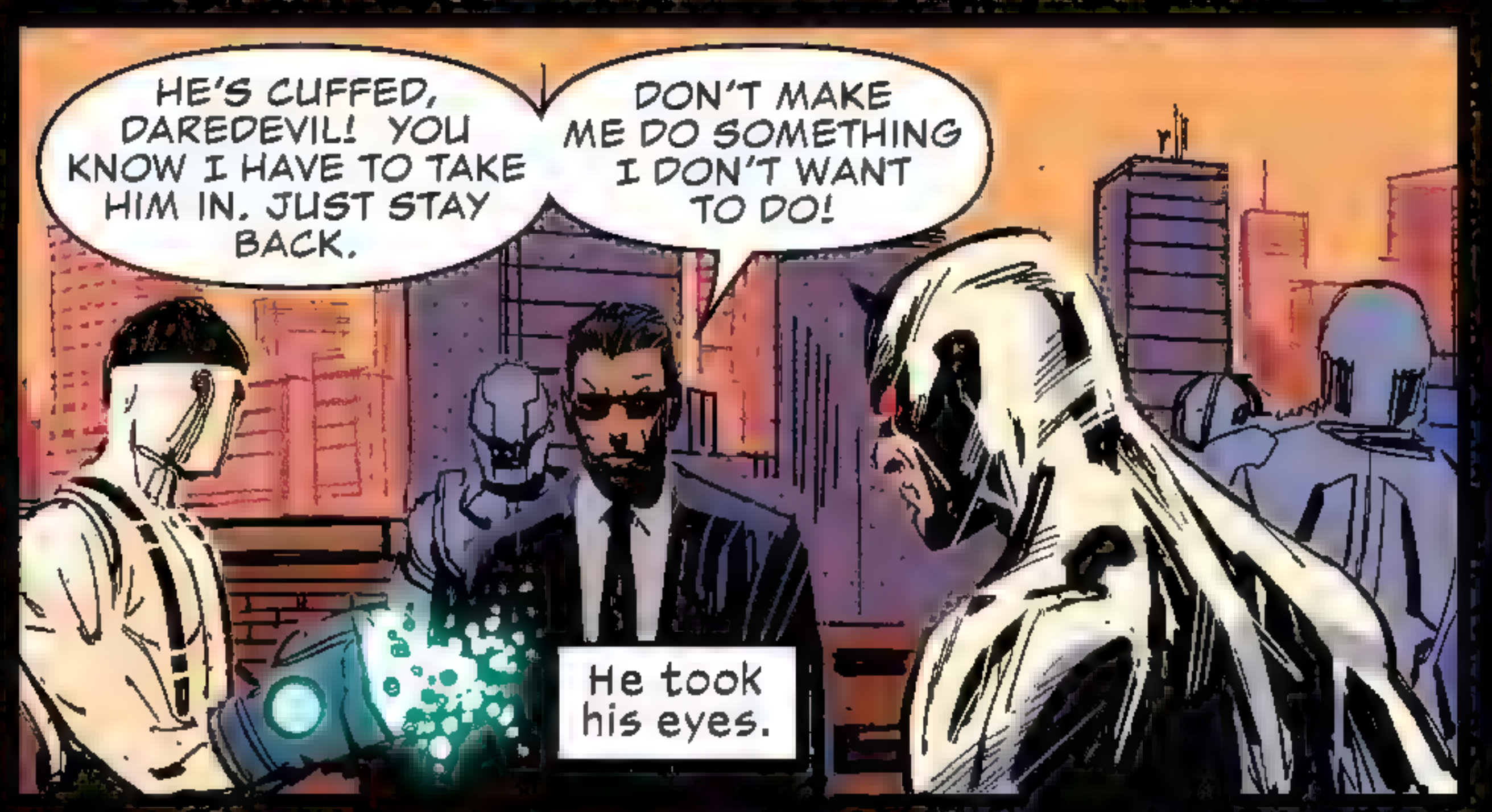


WE TRACKED DAREDEVIL HERE. WHERE IS HE?

OH...



...NOT FAR AWAY.



HE'S CUFFED, DAREDEVIL! YOU KNOW I HAVE TO TAKE HIM IN. JUST STAY BACK.

DON'T MAKE ME DO SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO DO!

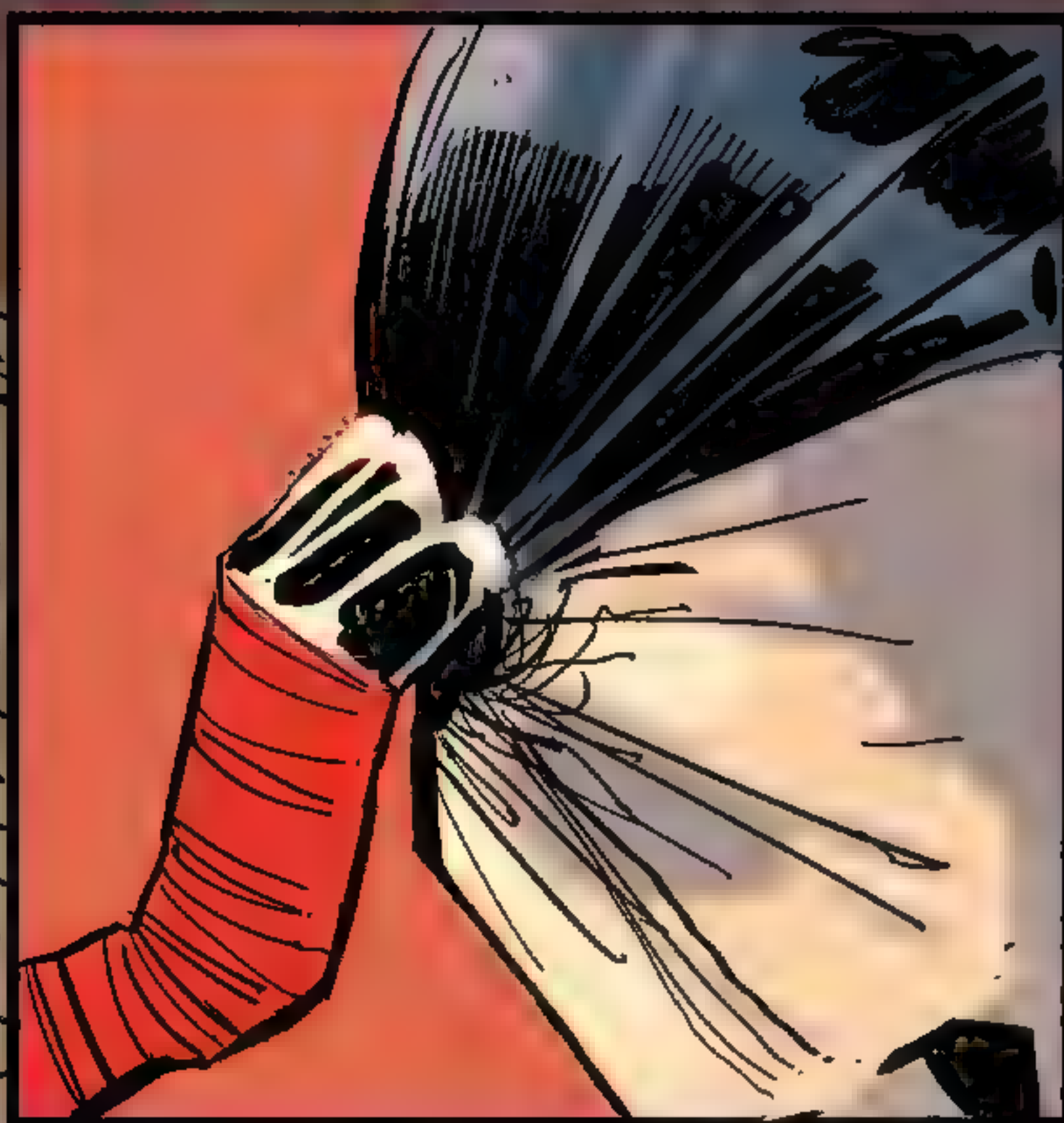
He took his eyes.



HE'LL BE PUNISHED FOR WHAT HE'S DONE. I SWEAR IT.

HE TOOK BLINDSPOT'S EYES, FRANK.

HOW WILL HE BE PUNISHED FOR THAT?





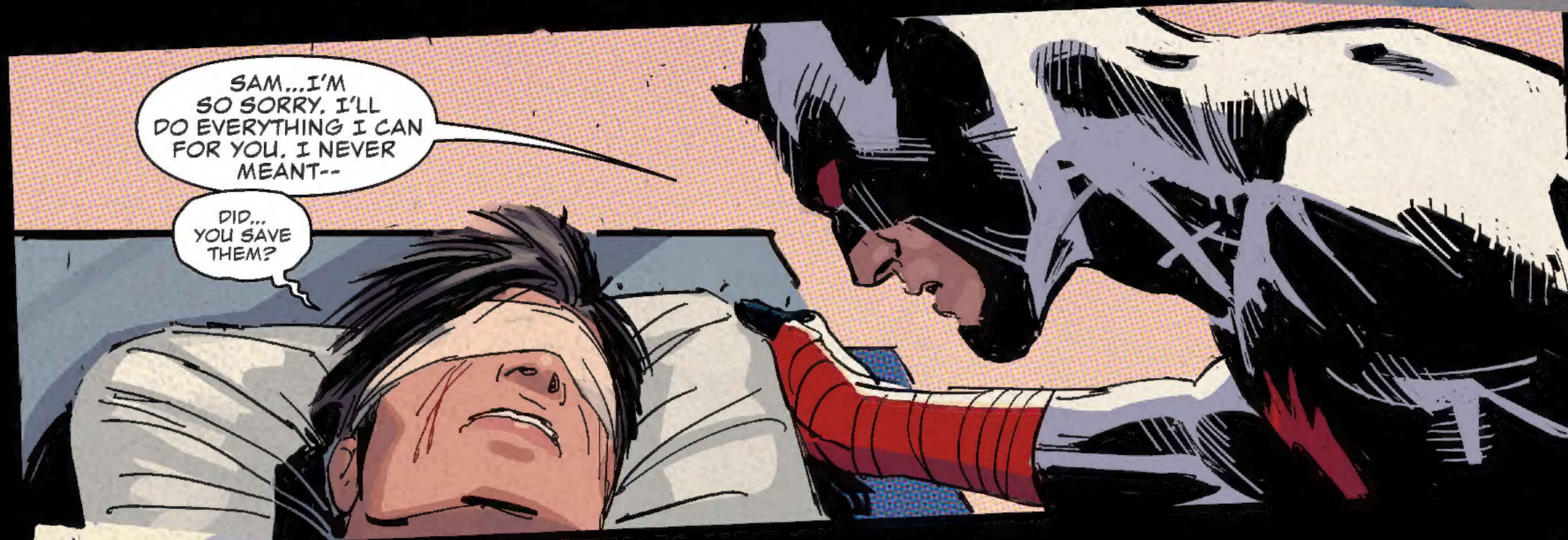
DON'T WORRY, DAREDEVIL. HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH ANY OF THIS. HE'LL PAY. I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT.

BLINDSPOT-- HE'S STILL IN THE BUILDING. HE'S INJURED. WE HAVE TO--



IT'S ALL RIGHT. WE HAVE HIM. WE'LL GET BLINDSPOT AND ALL THE OTHERS MEDICAL ATTENTION.

INHUMAN SCIENCE CAN WORK MIRACLES. WE...WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM.



SAM...I'M SO SORRY. I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR YOU. I NEVER MEANT--

DID... YOU SAVE THEM?

YES. ALL OF THEM. MORE THAN A HUNDRED PEOPLE.

OKAY.



THEN IT
WAS WORTH
IT.

THE END.

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #15**

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